

three days." In Chicago there was fighting, "savage but brief."

In 1883 the telegraphers' strike was accompanied with little disorder, but business was tied up for two weeks. Though public sympathy was with the strikers, the strike was lost for lack of organization and because of an ample supply of available operators.

In 1885 the strike on the Southwestern railways was caused by the Knights of Labor. Under the leadership of Martin Irons, who constituted himself a court of appeals on discharges and appointments, they attempted to interfere with the internal management of the railways. The clash came with General Manager Hoxie. From March 1 to 24 "the stagnation was complete." During the first two weeks the "boycott of the road was so complete that leading citizens feared to visit the

office of any executive because spies were lurking to take note of every visitor and report him for punishment." There followed a revulsion, and with it came the end of the Knights of Labor as a power.

The Homestead strike of 1892 has occasionally been called "the Homestead Massacre." The steel company had barricaded its works, and had loaded barges with five hundred Pinkerton detectives and towed them down the Monongahela River. The strikers tore down the barricades and ordered the detectives away and then began a fight. The barges were abandoned by the boats towing them and the detectives were left helpless. The strikers "intrenched themselves behind piles of steel plates and fired at the men on the barges, showing most savage and relentless purpose to kill them all," but were baffled by their own lack of skill

and by the lay of the land. The strike lasted from July to November. It was a "miserable ending of a much-heralded plan of profit-sharing." Labor unions everywhere took up the strikers' cause, but in November the strikers surrendered. Because of deeds of which they were convicted several men were put into prison.

Among the strikes that might have been as serious as any was one that never happened. This was the one which President Roosevelt prevented in the anthracite region in 1902. It was settled because "President Roosevelt interposed strongly, sternly, and promptly."

In the light of this review of labor troubles in America, the present industrial unrest supplies evidence that with the growth of democracy in industry there has been also progress in self-restraint.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN SEES "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" IN LONDON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

I AM not wise enough in theatrical history to know whether there may have been sporadic attempts now and again to portray Abraham Lincoln as the central figure of a play; but it is certain that nothing notable had been attained in this direction until John Drinkwater, the Englishman, attempted it and succeeded beyond any one's expectations, even perhaps beyond his own secret aspirations.

All good Americans lately returned from London have seen Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" at a suburban playhouse, and however good Americans they were when they went into the theater, they were better ones when they came out; or at least I was.

To go to Hammersmith, where this literary and dramatic feast was spread, is a feat of skill and strength. I have in my time traveled to Brooklyn to see Sir Henry Irving and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson; but this journey, even at the "rush hour," fades into insignificance compared with a trip to Hammersmith, yet I did not dream of evading or neglecting it. I awoke at my hotel in Mayfair on a certain October morning knowing that the day was heavy with fate: that I must lunch betimes, go without tea, and dine early in order to be in Abraham's bosom by eight o'clock, and there I had determined to be on the striking of the clock.

My companion and I decided to go by bus, the better to view the landscape, for I had been only twenty-five successive seasons in London and was not acquainted with Hammersmith and the precincts that lead to it. The omnibuses were crowded with "nice" people sitting and standing, and, although I could not determine, judging by externals (that is, by clothes, and, alas! occasionally by speech), whether any of my country men and

women were among the passengers, I knew only that the recurrence of Lincoln's name murmured here and there gave me a thrill of unexpectedness and a secret sense of National pride.

The house was full. It had always been full for weeks and weeks before my visit, and the end is not yet. So far as I could judge from seeing two performances—one from the orchestra stalls and one from the balcony—comparatively few Americans were in the theater, but then there are comparatively few in London, and some of them may be too old or feeble to go to Hammersmith, while some of them have no time for anything but "revues," although they are not so greedy in this respect as their fellow-Londoners.

At this juncture I must say to those who are merely reading the book of the play that they cannot altogether understand its effect upon a company of people who are seeing it and living in it, moment by moment, with the actors themselves.

Any one familiar with Mr. Drinkwater's poetry—his rare vocabulary, his sense of rhythm, his gift of imagery—knows that if he wished to write a purely fanciful or poetic drama he has the talent and the power. Yet, save the lines of verse spoken before each act by a chronicler, who, as it were, sets the stage and creates the mood for the audience, the drama is simple enough for a child to read. It has, in fact, the simplicity of Lincoln. Do not, therefore, search the text for rhetoric, but for the vision of character, and, finally, go and see the play in New York when it is ready for production, for Mr. Drinkwater is a dramatist as well as a poet.

The acting was very fine in London. (I suppose Hammersmith is in London!) I was a little troubled at first by the

accent of the principal players, but if an American company should play Mr. Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell" English critics would doubtless rebel. I did not miss (Heaven knows!) the various methods of speech that might have been heard in Springfield, Illinois, or Washington, D. C., in anti-slavery times, but I suppose that my ear resented any local accent, just as it would had I been listening to Shakespeare. Mr. Drinkwater himself, by the way, reads his own verse with exquisite skill and a distinction and tonal beauty very rarely found. His is not Oxford nor Cambridge nor Trinity College English, but the English that needs no label, being simple, pure, clear, and undefiled. We have it in America, too, perhaps not very widely distributed, but this fact has to be proved to the other nations of the earth. However, I soon accommodated myself to the slightly non-American speech of the clever Birmingham players, though some of the members of Lincoln's Cabinet did allude to his Secretary of State as "S'ward," and a few of Lincoln's own neighbors made the last syllable of "Abraham" rhyme with "palm" and "balm." I did not indeed care what anybody called anybody else after a little, for I was wholly hypnotized by the play.

There is a moment when Lincoln is left alone in the sitting-room at Springfield, Illinois, while Susan, the maid, has gone to usher in the delegates from the Republican Convention at Chicago, who are to announce their choice of him as candidate for the Presidency. There is a map of the United States on the rear wall of the room, and Lincoln walks slowly up to it and stands before it silently for a half-minute, his back to the audience. You can hear a pin drop in the theater, for the magic is working. I



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JOHN DRINKWATER, THE AUTHOR OF "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Mr. Drinkwater is at the right; in the center is Major Edward S. Johnson, custodian of the Lincoln Monument; at the left is Vachel Lindsay, American poet and novelist

is stage business, you may say, but there is theatrical stage business and there is another sort. In this case Lincoln's body

might almost be transparent. We can actually read his thought and feel his heart beat. It is as if he were offering

himself as a sacrifice. He is looking at the colossal stretch of country—East and West, North and South—over whose destinies he may have to stand guard. The map is the symbol of his country. The States, trembling under the weight of great issues, are on the verge of civil war; and he is wondering if any human being can face the difficulties, solve the problems, and preserve the Union; one country, one government; safe, free, indivisible.

I would not for a good deal miss the thrill that came to me when Abraham Lincoln stood gazing at the map of his country, and mine! Ascribe part of the thrill, if you choose, to the art of the player, but I know that when "big moments" come in the theater it is when the audience is unconsciously living, breathing, thinking, and feeling with the playwright. These dramatic silences made vocal by the imaginations of the on-lookers, each man and woman filling them according to his or her ability, are among the rarest and most precious things in the theater. The audience often molds the play, but the play, if it has any real power, ought to mold the audience. In John Drinkwater's own words:

When the high
heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

KANSAS'S VOLUNTEER COAL-DIGGING ARMY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

MUD, sleet, snow, blizzard winds, and twenty-degree temperature made southeastern Kansas a most unattractive spot the first two weeks of December. But in that section is coal, and the people of the prairies had come nearly to the end of their fuel supply. The miners refused to work; they refused even to supply a hospital where children were shivering.

Governor Henry J. Allen, with a fine appreciation of the spirit of Kansas youth, called for volunteers to mine the coal. "It will be a hard job," he announced; "it is no job for any man who is not willing to work." In three days over five thousand young men had offered their services. At first he took twelve hundred, and with them sent a thousand members of the State Guards. He ordered army equipment left over from war times, and announced to the miners that the first interference with the workers would mean trouble.

It was a strangely assorted company that delved into the unaccustomed labor. Probably not one had ever mined a pound of coal. The college football teams were on hand; with them were hundreds of college boys, brimful of enthusiasm and grit. Physicians left their practice, clerks went from stores.

A colonel in war times put on overalls and packed a shovel. Wealthy youths from the cities grappled with scrapers and picks. The miners had damaged the steam shovels and stolen the dynamite, tracks had been torn up and bridges burned, in an attempt to make the task impossible. The mine leaders denounced the volunteers as "scabs"—but they did it from a safe distance and through the papers.

The Governor went along. He took his clerks and stenographers and files from the State House to a hotel in Pittsburg, a town of ten thousand, the seat of the mining region. It became the Capitol temporarily. The town did not warm up to the proceeding. "Only two men have called on me in two weeks," said the Governor, "and I had to send for them." In a thoroughly unionized community they were afraid to take sides. Besides, they were busy. The streets were thronged with miners, soldiers, visitors. The miners were well dressed; silk shirts were common. They filled the picture shows and worked the soft-drink parlors overtime. It was their vacation. At first the men were openly incredulous. Those green hands mine coal? Then they grew serious at what they saw.

None could fail to be inspired by the

happenings of those first days. Like warriors, the hundreds of young men marched into the mines, imbued by a patriotic impulse to help save the people at home from suffering. "You may call them scabs," declared the Governor, "but I and the people of the Nation call them patriots." One bitter day, when under ordinary conditions no miner would have worked, the University of Kansas boys remained in their tents. Arrived a comrade who announced, "The Agricultural College boys have started." "They can't beat us!" was the cry, and out they hurried to the pits, through mud ankle deep and a pouring rain, and worked until dark.

These mines are known as "strip-pits." Veins of coal lie close to the surface, covered by three to twenty feet of soil. The strata are three to twelve miles from Pittsburg, remote from any towns. The earth is removed, and then the men go into the pits and, breaking up the coal strata with dynamite, shovel it into cars. To see two hundred youths and older men working with nervous, eager tension was a picture of America's power when once it is aroused. They sang, laughed, and shoveled. The first week they loaded sixty cars and sent them on their helpful way. They knew no union hours; it was from sunup to sundown. No Saturday half-